THE UNIVERSALIST Leader

JOURNAL OF LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY FOUNDED BY HOSEA BALLOU IN 1819

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Betts Memorial Universalist Church, Syracuse, New York, where the sessions of the fifty-ninth Biennial Assembly will be held, October 27 to November 1.

Volume CXLI September, 1959 Boston, Mass.

THE UNIVERSALIST Leader

A JOURNAL OF LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY FOUNDED BY HOSEA BALLOU IN 1819

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST LEADER (1897 to 1926), and THE CHRISTIAN LEADER (1926 to 1953).

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PUBLISHED Monthly, at $3.50 a year. Postage prepaid in the United States. Postage to Canada 50c; in other countries, $1.50. Single copy 30c.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the post office in Boston, Massachusetts. Acceptance for mailing at second-class rates of postage under that act of March 3, 1879 (section 520, P. L. and R.).

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 16 Beacon Street, Boston 8, Massachusetts.

The bond of fellowship in this church shall be a common purpose to do the will of God as Jesus revealed it and to co-operate in establishing the Kingdom for which he lived and died.
To that end we avow our faith in
God as Eternal and All-conquering Love,
The spiritual leadership of Jesus,
The supreme worth of every human personality,
The authority of truth known or to be known,
And in the power of men of good will and sacrificial spirit to overcome all evil and progressively establish the Kingdom of God.

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE
Albert F. Ziegler, President
Emerson Hugh Lalone, Manager
16 Beacon Street
Boston 8, Massachusetts
Telephone LA 3-4485

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

September, 1959—No. 9

Edith Hunter, a curriculum editor of the Council of Liberal Churches and mother of four children, sent us the delightful story, **Silas Is Back.** More effectively than sermons or lectures, this little tale demonstrates a part of the process of sound, religious education in family life where poetry and the other arts are seen for what they are, contributions to the growing bible of the human race.

Raymond J. Baughan, minister of the First Universalist Church, Arlington, Massachusetts, presents an interesting and stimulating contribution to our contemporary theological conversations in his essay, **Toward Understanding Universalism.**

Dana E. Klotzle, director of the Universalist Service Committee, has recently returned from a strenuous inspection tour of our three work-camp units, working in co-operation with Arbeiterwohlfahrt in Germany this summer. Mr. Klotzle, fresh from seeing and interviewing many displaced persons, reminds us that the plight of the refugees grows worse with the passage of time in his report, **The Waiting Ones.** Americans, in the midst of their comfortable prosperity, if they neglect the refugees, do so at their peril, both moral and physical.

Manuel R. Holland, minister of the First Parish Church (Unitarian), Groton, Massachusetts, was awarded the Clarence R. Skinner prize in 1958 for the sermon which best expresses the social principles of Universalism. **If We Had Given A Dam** is the text of that sermon.

Howard B. Gilman, superintendent of Universalist Churches of New York State, at our urgent request wrote the exciting article, **The Use of the Arts in the Church.**

"Silas Is Back"

Edith Hunter

A FREEZING rain was coming down outside, coating the world with ice. We sat in the living room around a blazing fire, snug and warm.

Suddenly our black dog, Rosemary, pricked up her ears and rose up on her haunches.

Graham, our eleven-year-old son, got up automatically. "Oh, you're always on the wrong side of the door," he said, disgusted, and went to let her out.

As he opened the door we heard him shout, "It's Con! He's back! Hi Con! Come in!"

"Con! It's Con!" shouted Elizabeth, our thirteen-year-old, "Hi Con!"

And sure enough! Into the room, with the excited Rosemary, came Con, a great big shaggy brown dog, soaking wet. He looked a little embarrassed and self-conscious at such an effusive welcome, and him in such a bedraggled state.

Five-year-old Will, already tucked in bed upstairs, heard the delighted shouts and came careening down the stairs, to add his, "Con! Con! You're back. Hi Con!"

We named him Constant when he first showed up two years ago, a constant suitor of our female, Rosemary. We couldn't make him leave, so we kept him and had him licensed.

The name was hardly appropriate now, however, for having fathered two families, he had recently taken to wandering off and this time had been gone since Thanksgiving. Dad was not sorry, one less mouth to feed, but the children and I had rather hoped he would come home for Christmas. But then we wondered how he would know just when that was. Well, he had made it for Epiphany.

After giving him a warm welcome, including a dish of food, Will returned to bed and the rest of us returned to our reading. Con settled down to dry his fur and snooze. Rosemary rather grudgingly moved over on the rug to give her wayward spouse a place by the fire.

In the morning, Saturday, Elizabeth and I were doing the dishes, a time for philosophizing in our family.

"You know," said Elizabeth, "all I could think of last night after Con came home, was the line in *The Death of the Hired Man,* 'I tried to get him to talk about his travels.' I wonder where he's been. I guess we'll never know."

Graham, who was busy making a model at a nearby table, and who has an almost photographic memory, said, "No, that isn't what I thought of. I thought of the part:

'Of course he's nothing to us, any more
Than was the hound that came a stranger to us
Out of the woods, worn out upon the trail!"

And then the three of us, remembering the next lines, joined almost in a litany:

"Home is the place where, when you have to go
there,
They have to take you in."

"You know," I said, "that whole poem is all I could think of as I lay in bed last night. I think we should change Con's name to Silas. 'Silas is back!' "

Little Will was building with his American bricks, on the living-room floor, listening to all we said. He looked in at us now, with a worried face, "Do you think Con has come home to die, like Silas?"

"Oh, no!" I said. "He's just come home to eat and fatten up a bit."

"That's good," said Will. "I wouldn't want our Con dead."

Several months ago, three special events practically coincided in our household, the birth of our fourth child, my birthday and our fifteenth wedding anniversary. I had requested and been given the present of a long-playing record of Robert Frost reading his

own poetry. Almost anyone of us now is apt to put it on while doing chores around the house.

For years I have been thinking about and experimenting with new ways in religious education. When Con arrived last night and when, almost without thinking, we all applied to his return various relevant lines of this great poem, it set me thinking again, about my favorite subject.

In some homes, although the number grows fewer all the time, the return of Con might have brought to mind various lines from the parable of the Prodigal Son. The jealous Rosemary was not unlike the older brother. She, who had stuck by us, was being lambasted for wanting to go out. He, who had wandered off and had come home again, was welcomed and over him we all made merry.

But, whether we like it or not, the poetry of the Bible permeates the thinking of contemporary man less and less. Yet we need poetry. It feeds our spirits. The poet, by describing a particular incident in vivid and precise detail, makes manifest the universals that bind all human experience together.

On the same record, Robert Frost has recorded *Mending Wall,* in which these lines occur:

"To each the boulders that have fallen to each.
And some are loaves and some so nearly balls
We have to use a spell to make them balance:
'Stay where you are until our backs are turned!' "

Just within this week I have heard all three children apply this to their own experience. Graham, while rocking the baby, was trying to balance a stuffed giraffe on the top of the cradle. He smiled as he put it on top for the tenth time. "Stay where you are until my back is turned," he said.

Another day, Elizabeth was getting ready to give Charles his bottle. It is a job for which you really need three hands; one for the baby, one for the bottle, and one for arranging things. In the midst of her preparations, I heard her address a pillow: "Stay where you are until I get the baby."

Even little Will has taken to calling his American bricks to task, when they won't stay put in some important building.

Yes, the human spirit makes an instinctive response to poetry. We need it. But if the poetry of the Bible is no longer at our finger tips, must we go without?

Among adult churchmen, and especially among the "avant-garde" young clergy, there is a new appreciation of the arts, an awareness that through poetry, drama, and music, religious truth is most adequately proclaimed and experienced. Books, articles, sermons, in vast numbers, are appearing, urging church people to an awareness of the religious value in both Biblical and non-Biblical art.

My suggestion is that as much, indeed even more, concern should be shown to develop in children a sensitivity and appreciation of the religious values in non-Biblical art forms. To begin this with adults is too late.

A young minister's wife highlighted this for me, just today. Fresh out of Union Seminary, on fire with enthusiasm for religious drama, she arrived in a small town two years ago. The fires of her enthusiasm are fast going out. The people in her husband's church will have none of it. For them, religion means Bible preaching. It has little to do with the arts, and nothing to do with non-Biblical art.

All too soon children also adopt this narrow and essentially self-defeating concept of religion. Self-defeating for at least two reasons. Biblical religion is rapidly becoming something that is confined to church buildings one hour a week. Such religion will soon be carrying on a monologue with itself.

Secondly, such a narrow concept in an increasingly secular culture, can have the effect of starving the spirits of children and ultimately of adults, in the midst of plenty. A successful religious education should free children and adults to drink deeply and widely of both Biblical art and the increasingly rich supply of secular art.

Truman Douglass says, "There is a jolting rebuke to the church in the fact that so many recognized artists and writers, who are not identified with formal religion, have given us a more penetrating analysis of the moral and spiritual issues of our time than have the theologians and churchmen." *United Church Herald,* Jan. 15, 1959.

My own children laugh when I tell them that we are having our religious education as we read Dickens, Laura Ingalls Wilder, Mark Twain, or listen to Robert Frost and Carl Sandburg. "*Religious* education!" they exclaim.

They, too, have caught the disease of our culture; that things religious come only in one container. Well, at least their spirits are being fed, though they may not be able to identify what sustains them.

This afternoon Dad came home from a trip. As he walked in the door he caught sight of Con, stretched out in the hall.

"Hello, Con!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," I said. "Silas is back." And knowing how he felt about another mouth to feed, I added, "Be kind."

And with a twinkle in his eye, came the expected reply, "When was I ever anything but kind?"

Toward Understanding Universalism

Raymond J. Baughan

"Universalism recognizes that our life in all its uniqueness, whatever we are doing or feeling or sensing, is an expression of the universal life, or God, or nature, or whatever the reality is of which we are a part."

UNIVERSALISM has been discovered by the peoples of many religions including Christianity. Many outside any church affiliation are living it. But when one asks what Universalism is, he gets a variety of answers. The interesting thing about this is that *how* we state it doesn't really matter. We may use any words to talk about it which happen to be meaningful for us, although we need to find some way to make clear to others what we are talking about. Freedom to express ourselves in our own way rather than in one specific formula has always been cherished by Universalists. Not the words we use, but the life we live, is what matters.

The religion of Universalism began with the concept of "universal salvation." We should remind ourselves, perhaps, that salvation means healing or wholeness of life. The point was and is that there can be no wholeness of life which is not all-embracing. In their own experience, Universalists found men were not ultimately separated from one another and the basic unity of life. Out of their changing ignorance, men build fences, — sometimes in physical form, often in systems of thought and behavior — but life soon tears them down or gets over them. Recognition of this was spelled out in many ways, but no particular statement was mistaken for the realization itself. Room was always provided for other ways of formulating it.

The actual realization was an awakening to life. There is nothing we desire more than this. In one way or another, we want to live. If we find a way which will bring us happiness, we will choose it. If we understand that what will give us happiness is wealth, or power, or knowledge, or kindness to others, we will aim for it. But such is our need "to be," we will take unhappiness if we know no other way. Our deepest hunger is for a sense of being alive. This is what we are really seeking, whatever means we choose. Look into yourself, and you will find that in and through whatever you are doing, you are searching for an affirmation of yourself. You want to feel you are living.

But what is life? What is the way to happiness? Who are you? Our answers to these questions are religious. For many people, this is not clear. They think of religion as something remote from familiar experience, as having to do with distant history, or ideas about something alongside this life we live rather than in it. They have not discovered there is no difference between our real religion and our everyday living. The realities of religion and life are one and the same. Universalism is this kind of religion. It is an understanding of life here and now in the universe of which it is a part.

The difficulty in defining Universalism is that, when one attempts it, he finds he is trying to put life into a package. When he ties the package, not only the string and paper are left outside, but he is left outside. Life is not something we can pick up in our hands, nor enclose in our minds. It is our actual living. We walk in it; and it is our walking. It is what we are. It is peeling an orange, or sawing wood, or driving a car. It is feeling pain or having a good laugh. It is seeing, hearing, touching. It is eating or loving, giving or receiving. As one person put it on first learning about it, "Why, not to be a Universalist would be like ceasing to breathe."

Universalism, in other words, recognizes that our life in all its uniqueness, whatever we are doing or feeling or sensing, is an expression of the universal life, or God, or nature, or whatever the reality is of which we are a part. Just as a man's head cannot be understood apart from the organism to which it belongs, so we are unable to understand the meaning of our lives apart from their connection with the whole universe. The stars and the stones, the sinners and the saints, are all expressions of the one source of life. Deep in the structure of the universe in which

we find ourselves, there is a process working toward harmony, bringing us into existence, sustaining and developing our unfolding, allowing us to become persons. As the notes in a symphony belong to the whole composition, we are one with the activity which brings all things into being. As each note is distinct, but has meaning only in relation to the music, so everything is involved in an underlying unity. An interesting thing about this is that while we may know it as a matter of information, *we understand it only when we experience its truth in living.*

Does that make any difference? Does anything happen when we experience our life as one with the universe?

What happens is that we begin to trust life. We realize we do not exist as isolated selves, but act and think, live and die, from a source greater than we. Because we are no longer withholding ourselves, but are in agreement with what is happening, we live each moment completely. We accept "what is," not by submitting to it, but by living it. We no longer separate ourselves from any experience, whether it be joyous or sad. There is nothing static about such acceptance. On the contrary, it is dynamic and very much active. We live what we are doing, what is happening. Only when we try to sever ourselves from what is going on, is there any hesitancy or doubt. When we move with life, we move in confidence that whatever we are doing, whatever is happening to us, is fundamentally and ultimately right.

We feel intensely alive. We become aware of things right under our noses which we never noticed before. No longer preoccupied with tomorrow, nor clutching at things for security, we are "all there." We become aware of myriad flashes of color and the magic of song in the sounds around us. We grow sensitive to our fellow-creatures. We are able to listen to them instead of hearing our own worries and clamoring noise; and we can see things as others see them. Everything is the same as before, but our vision has changed; everything is alive with meaning.

And we are aware of tenderness, understanding and reverence. As we see how our life interpenetrates and is interpenetrated by other lives, we know we are related to them. The life outside us becomes an extension of the life within us. Not because we are supposed to do so, not because we are compelled, but because we want to give ourselves in loving deeds, we move to meet what others most need from us. We know this is what life is all about; this is why we are living it.

This, however, is not what most of us experience in living, is it? Even though we may believe life is a unity in which we are involved, we do not *feel it* to be true. Most of us feel separated from everything around us. Why is it we seem to be alone, in conflict with life and our fellows and the rest of the universe? Some of our confusion arises from our emphasis in the modern world on self-seeking and competitiveness which lead to isolation. We are always being used by others and trying to use them to benefit ourselves. Conditioned by this pattern, we in turn educate our children to such behavior, and the world goes blunderingly along. There is no point, however, in blaming the world or the social pattern, for *you and I are the world* as everyone else is. You and I are doing the things which divide us from one another. We are even doing things which divide us within so that our own feelings and sensations seem alien to us. Maybe this is the only way we know how to get a sense of existence, a feeling we are alive. But we make ourselves miserably unhappy. We bring about wars, antagonisms and social conflicts, by not understanding ourselves and what we are doing. No one can tell you precisely what you are doing to make you feel separate; you have to find out for yourself. What one can do is suggest ways many of us cut ourselves off from understanding our oneness with life.

For example, we habitually separate ourselves from life by criticizing instead of understanding. You know how we are continuously finding fault when things do not go the way we plan them. We blame others. We blame life or God for opposing us. We say, "I'm right, and everything else is wrong." What doesn't agree with our whims or ideas, whatever gets in our way, becomes a target for our hostility. We get depressed and bitter, nurse our grievances, our suspicious feelings, our anxious thoughts and vanities. And we blame it all on everything and everybody!

We even criticize ourselves for getting us into such a mess, condemn our past behavior for pushing us into this kind of situation. We forget that yesterday is no longer here and we can do nothing about it. Or, we tell ourselves we are lazy, or stupid, or selfish, and we ought to be generous and alert and noble. We spend our time hitting ourselves over the head rather than moving toward what we want. If you feel a need to be clean, you go and wash. Nothing happens while you criticize yourself for being dirty.

We often think if we could get a better break, could fall into an apple pie, come off suddenly with a lot of money or get away from what disturbs us, life would be quite different. Most people do not realize that what happens to them has something to do

with what they are doing. They see outside difficulties, but leave themselves out of their experience. With what penetrating insight, Jesus pointed to the way we see the specks in our brother's eye, but fail to see the beam in our own!

To be sure, we can find plenty of justification for objecting to what others are doing; their pettiness, lethargy, stubbornness and downright meanness. But blaming them does not help us with our problem. We go on dramatizing our disagreement by anger or fear or grief. And when new opportunities open, we find everything is the same. We are just as frustrated and suspicious and negative as we ever were. Why? It is because we take everything in the same way we did before. As long as we blame and condemn, we attract the same problems, the same difficulties, the same situations.

How could we feel ourselves at one with life, when we hold back from it and judge it negatively? We find unity through understanding.

To understand is not to turn away, but to be deeply and genuinely interested in something or somebody. When we place blame, there is no understanding. Criticism is actually a way of avoiding understanding. When I criticize you, I do not understand you. I must listen to you. Otherwise, I am merely trying to fit you into my pattern of judgment and I do not see you as you really are. Nor can you understand yourself by beating yourself over the head. You must see what you are doing (not what you have done, but what you are doing at this moment), and what you are trying to accomplish, looking at it as objectively and impartially as you would an apple on the table.

As long as we withhold ourselves from life, life seems to withhold itself from us.

Another way we sense a separation from life is by observing our beliefs rather than our acts. We have a habit of approaching experience head first, as though we lived in our thinking, in our explanations, in our intellectual philosophizing. Thinking is indispensable for the practical business of getting around, and who would want to go about without his head? But life is one thing, and thinking is another. Our activity is not always in agreement with what we think we are doing. It is not thought, but action which expresses what we really are. When you are hungry, you eat. When you want to go somewhere, you walk or ride. If you want to think about it, think about what is happening.

A recent book carries a profoundly significant title, *Where Did You Go? Out. What Did You Do? Nothing.* The boy about whom the story was written did not go "out;" he went into activity. He did not do "nothing;" he did a thousand things he wanted to do. This was something the parents apparently forgot. They expected an explanation first.

Oddly enough, this is how we keep ourselves unaware of what is going on. We say we believe in truth, in peace, in brotherhood, and we mean it; but our actions do not say what we mean. If we notice this, we grow confused. We hide from the hurts and difficulties our behavior has brought about, justifying what we did by affirming our good intentions. And we are quite right! We were not looking at what was happening, but at what we believed.

Believing often has little relation to living. Men who believed they believed in brotherhood have exploited one another. Men who believed they believed in freedom have left no room for the human spirit to express itself. Their believing was something they did with part of themselves. The result was many beliefs, many dogmas, many points of view, many hatreds and conflicts, but no understanding. What they really believed was implicit in their behavior.

Suppose we were to put our attention on what we are doing in the light of what we believe, would it make any difference? Suppose we were to take responsibility for what we are doing in the present moment in the light of what we want to accomplish, how would we go about it? (Never mind what you may have done in the past, "Let the dead bury the dead.") Notice, first, that the human organism was made for action. If you think you ought to do something, but you do not want to do it, you will do something else. Suppose, then, you were quietly to observe whether what you are doing is taking you where you want to go. If it isn't, why expect results the action will not bring? If what you are doing is keeping you from getting what you want, why not change the activity and permit your moving toward your objective? We need to be very clear about what it is we really want, don't we? When you know, what you do is to move into the flow of life.

You will not do this at once. You will observe what you are doing and meet frustration. You will observe again and again and keep on observing. You will not do anything but observe, and then you will learn what it is you really want and you will move into life. And you will find out that your problem was not in your body, but in your mind. Your thinking was keeping you unhappy. The mind never comes to the end of a problem; it can figure out all kinds of alternative possibilities. But when you act, there

is only one possibility, the action itself. If I tell my hand to move, it moves. It has no problem. The problem, if there is any, is in my mind. There is no way we can possibly act other than in terms of life. If we try to oppose life, we have to use our muscles and the beating of our heart to do it. We can get away from specific events and situations, but there is no way to escape life. How curious that we should keep our minds running around in circles as though we could live in our thinking. The only thing we can live is our life.

The test of our believing is the way we live. Well, how do we live? We may believe in love, but love is not something we produce with our intellect. It is not something out there, away from you, different from you. Love is an active relationship with others. Hosea Ballou reminded us, "If we agree in brotherly love, there is no disagreement that can do us any injury; but if we do not, no other agreement can do us any good." To love is to live. The other agreements are inventions of the mind. There is no problem in loving. When we love, we are love; we act in love. The New Testament put it unmistakably. "If any one says, 'I love God,' and hates his brother, he is a liar; for he who does not love his brother whom he has seen, cannot love God whom he has not seen."

There is at least one other thing we do which makes us feel separate from the universe. We attempt to live solely by our own efforts, not understanding we are expressions of life itself. We strain and struggle and stake our security completely on our own planning as though we could count on nothing more than our own independent cunning. And we are anxious and self-centered to the point of exhaustion!

The difference between such striving and effortlessness is obvious. A man may struggle to achieve great knowledge, but without insight, all he has is a collection of facts and theories. Insight is not contrived; it happens. A man may master the technical skill required to play the piano, but if he has no feeling for music, the result is artificial. The music has to emerge from the depth of his being, how or why, we do not know!

The astonishing truth is, and any of us can recognize it by giving it some attention, that we really do not know how we do anything at all. Someone may give us instruction in building a boat or dressing a wound. We carry out the instructions and master, perhaps, all the external details. We say we know how it is done. Strange as it seems, however, we may be able to hold the hammer, but we do not know what is doing the holding. You say, "Why, I am holding it." But can you explain how you do it? The scientist can tell us all about the muscles and cords and nerves in our hands, but can he tell us how we move them? Our wounds are healed, but by what? We do not know how we walk, we just walk. Our eyes see; we do not strain to make them see. *Life continuously flows through us,* moving our lungs and circulating blood through our bodies. We say we make our decisions; but when the time comes for us to act, the decision happens and we can no more explain how it happens than we can tell how we grow our hair. We do not keep ourselves alive. The resource of all resourcefulness is beyond us.

To make this discovery is to find ourselves at home in the universe. The stream of *life includes us.* Knowing this, we sense a kind of permissiveness releasing our defensive clinging. And we go confidently toward what is yet untried, yet unloved, yet unknown.

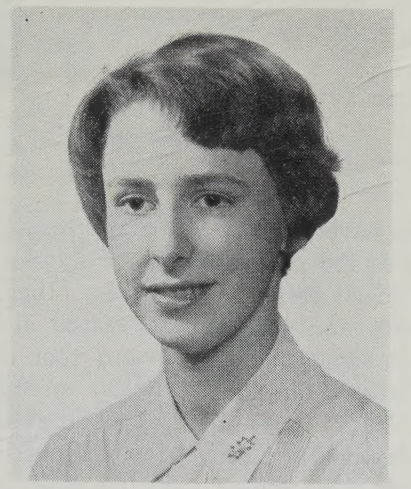
When we stop clinging to life, we find life supports us without any frenzied effort. Disappointments, failures and heartaches come, but something wiser and greater than we takes us through the darkest hours and offers new beginnings, something which was here all the time, like a seed in the ground, awaiting only permissiveness to reach into the sun.

To live in confidence is to trust the life flowing through our being, inwardly assured that neither "death, nor life . . . neither the present nor the future . . . nor anything else in all creation will be able to separate us" from the God "in whom we live and move" and are.

Universalism has been stated in countless ways, but it doesn't really matter how it is formulated. The basic meaning is that there can be no wholeness of life which is not all-embracing. If you are to realize this you have to begin somewhere and the best place to begin is where you are. If what has been spelled out here has no meaning for you, don't worry about it. You are still in the universe! Find your own way. *Everything you and I need to make us happy and loving toward one another is here.* It is hidden from us only by our own inattentiveness. The spiritual life, like the physical, is a pilgrimage beginning with childhood and growing toward fuller realization. We grow toward fullfillment sometimes painfully, sometimes joyously; but we can be confident that life is teaching us. As Hosea Ballou pointed out, we cannot be expected to live in any circle but that of our own understanding. What difficulties we have are due to our misunderstanding of what makes for happiness. Most of us see only the glow of the lantern we carry although we are walking beneath the sun.

Universalist Service Committee Recognizes World Refugee Year By Assigning Three New Workers To Germany

Donald Lombard, M.D.



Anne Lombard, M.S.

Janet Stover, R.N.

ON December 5, 1958, the General Assembly of the United Nations adopted a resolution for a *World Refugee Year* to begin July 1, 1959 and conclude June 30, 1960. President Eisenhower, reacting to the formation of a United States Committee for Refugees, in a proclamation issued May 19, invited "all of our citizens to support generously, either through the voluntary welfare agencies or the U.S. Committee, the programs developed in furtherance of that Year for the assistance of refugees."

Your Universalist Service Committee has responded to *World Refugee Year* by recruiting and assigning twenty-three college students to work this past summer with refugees and expellees at Weinsburg and Deggingen Fils in South Germany and at Jugendwerk Druhwald in North Germany.

On September 1, a young medical doctor and his teacher wife, Dr. and Mrs. Donald Lombard, will work for the Universalist Service Committee at the Arbeiterwohlfahrt Heim (home) in the Nordalb for refugee and other children and Janet Stover, R.N., will work with Polish baby refugees at Göttingen and with youth refugees in Bielefeld. These workers do not receive a salary, but under a co-operative agreement with the Arbeiterwohlfahrt Social Service Agency receive maintenance. The Service Committee assumes the cost of the workers' travel, shipment of supplies, and workers' insurance.

The Social Action Committee of the New York Universalist Convention is raising $600 in support of a fellow Universalist, Janet Stover, R.N., and in support of the Lombards.

Children in the Universalist church schools across the nation will participate in this program by contributing through the World Friendship Program of the Service Department scheduled for November 1959.

"It has been said, and truly so, that this is 'the century of the homeless man'. More than two million human beings throughout the world are living a shadowy half existence. For the most part, they possess neither home nor country. They are the waiting people of our time, owning only a worn suitcase or two, a few

(Continued on page 207)

The Waiting Ones

Dana E. Klotzle

And what our Universalist Service Committee work campers are doing to help them

A WAITING ONE — "Blankets are used to curtain off one's portion of the room in an attempt to secure some privacy."

NEVER before in the history of man have so many persons been uprooted from that sacred portion of soil which they called "home." Today's refugees from Europe, Algeria, Palestine, Tibet and China form "a slowly moving river of human beings" that too often empties into the sea of frustration and despair.

This past summer, I visited refugee camps in Germany and spoke with individual refugees and families of refugees from Poland, Czechoslovakia, Russia, East Germany and Hungary who are "waiting" for the tide of human concern to carry them forward to a new shore that they may call "home."

Who are these "waiting ones" who seek a haven from that kind of existence wherein one's children must join the party youth movement to receive educational benefits and in which one dares not form opinions contrary to those of the state? First of all, the "waiting ones" in western Germany are babies, children, youth and adults from areas in the East which at one time or another belonged to Germany. West Germany has given asylum and assistance to fifteen million of these escapees and expellees since the end of the war. Many of the "waiting ones" are "German" only in the sense that their great-grandfathers settled in areas that we now designate as parts of Poland, Russia, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and other countries. Many of these refugees come from areas where it is forbidden to speak German and are literally "aliens" in the land of their fathers.

When one thinks of "refugee-escapee" he envisions a muscular personality radiating physical strength and an aura of martyrdom. When the writer saw two fourteen-month-old babies, one recently arrived from Poland obviously suffering from malnutrition and the other, a comparatively healthy baby born and reared in the Friedland Refugee Camp, it was obvious that the refugees are driven by more than physical strength. I can never forget the lifeless eyes of the baby from Poland obviously suffering from malnutrition staring hopelessly into space at an age when normal fourteen-month-olds are filled with curiosity and wonder. One detects no feeling of martyrdom in conversations with young men who have been forced to flee the East because they accidentally damaged a factory machine, attended church youth meetings or injudiciously criticized the state. Strength was apparent in the faces of these young men, but it was composed of a quiet acceptance of one's past hardships and a fervent hope for a brighter future.

Conversation with mothers whose husbands had been taken into forced labor or eliminated for one of a variety of reasons revealed little self-pity, only a powerful, inner determination to provide a future for the six to nine children left in the family. It is for the real "old ones," who must view the future only through the eyes of the children, that one feels the most admiration. Adjustment in a strange place is never easy, but to leave one's lifelong home to live in a crowded room with ten or a dozen others must be even more difficult.

In the Weinsberg Refugee Camp near Stuttgart, twenty-six hundred refugees live in crowded, drab looking, wooden barracks for as long as two years at a time. In many instances, there are several fam-

ilies living in a room 14' x 16' in size. Blankets are used to curtain off one's portion of the room in an attempt to secure some privacy. Each day at mealtime a member of the family goes to the central kitchen to receive bread and cheese (breakfast and supper) and potatoes, noodles, meat gravy and more bread for dinner. The food is brought back to one's quarters and recooked thus keeping the families together for meals.

Daily life in the refugee camps would be impossible for the parents and the older relatives without the programs operated by the Arbeiterwohlfahrt and other agencies at the camps. In Weinsberg one of our Universalist workcamp groups helped provide recreational and fellowship activities for children in the afternoon and youth in the evening. Two other Universalist workcamp groups acted as counselors in tent camps located in the Nordalb and in the Black Forest to which children and youth from the various refugee camps were sent. In many refugee camps and installations, the Arbeiterwohlfahrt operates nurseries, kindergartens and youth houses at which three of our Universalist workers will serve full time beginning September 1.

As I watched our workcampers conduct programs for children and youth, distribute clothing to refugee mothers and engage in friendly conversations with other refugees, I became reconvinced of the importance of voluntary service which asks no dispensation save that of the right to serve the needs of others less fortunate.

The sense of human hope and youthful buoyancy carried into the refugee centers by our Universalist representatives rekindles enthusiasm for the human enterprise not only in the despairing hearts of the refugees, but also in the hearts of veteran refugee camp workers who have given their lives to redeem their fellows for the Beloved Community which we shall yet build one day here upon the earth.

Although I was dismayed by the armed might which DeGaulle paraded in Paris on Bastille Day, July 14, and equally dismayed with the terrible devastation still observable in East Berlin, the refugees taught me that men will never completely lose hope and will ever dream and plan for a peaceful future. In a sense we are all "waiting ones" — awaiting recognition by both the West and the East that man is indeed one family and his most creative environment is peace. Let us keep faith with the "waiting ones" in the refugee camps by giving sacrificially to the work and program of our Universalist Service Committee.

GENTLE BIGOTS AND BROTHERHOOD

Prejudice does not always pull a trigger or plant a bomb. Most bigots are not found in lynch mobs or in some dictator's *Elite Corp.* There is a much larger group who never organize, although they may be fellow travelers of the professional hucksters of hate. They are the related people, North and South, whose contribution to the cause of persecution is words; the dupes who parrot the slogans and who pass on the many unfounded superstitions; the people who say, "The Negroes or the Jews are taking over, they control the government, they control the business, they're part of an international conspiracy, they're dirty and they're naturally immoral, ignorant, unimprovable." These are the propagandists, who in their blindness lead the other blind with fear that Negroes are depraved and want to exploit white women, who talk about keeping this group or that in some so-called *place,* who prattle on about natural superiority or inferiority, and who generally repeat as fact, that mass of medieval nonsense that never has stood up before known truth, but which nonetheless survived for centuries as the message of prejudice.

There is a kind of violence by proxy here, regardless of how unorganized the individual bigot may be. First of all, he supports the actions of the more violent ones who do pull the triggers and plant the bombs, and by his words he indoctrinates his children with suspicions and fears and hatreds that may, in time, blossom into actions.

— Max Coots

UNIVERSALIST SERVICE COMMITTEE

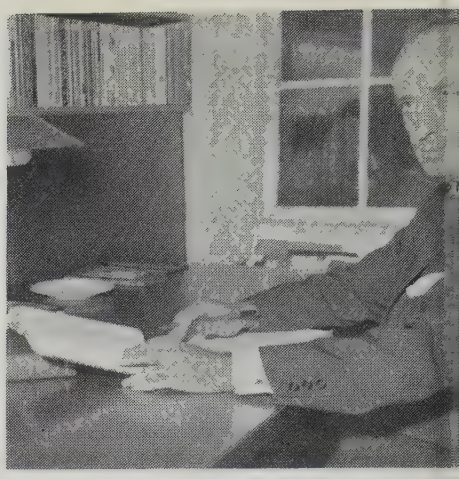
(Continued from page 205)

blankets, a shred of self-respect and sometimes a dossier of papers that makes the rounds while they wait . . . . and wait." (from United States Committee For Refugees)

Dana E. Klotzle, director of the Service Committee, has accepted an invitation to be one of the advisors on problems concerning German Expellees and will confer with the president of this group this Fall to determine how Universalists may assist in this program. Contributions of monies in support of these and contemplated programs may be sent directly to the U.S.C., 16 Beacon Street, Boston 8, Mass. while clothing may be sent to the Committee's warehouse c/o Horn Packaging Company, 31 Smith Place, Cambridge, Mass.

If We Had Given A Dam

Manuel R. Holland



Preached at the First Parish Church (Unitarian) Groton, Massachusetts, September 21, 1958, and given the Clarence R. Skinner Award for the 1958 sermon which most expresses the social principles of Universalism.

I BELIEVE that the responsible and vital role of a minister is compromised when he develops the habit of preaching from headlines and of concentrating upon current events as a news analyst might do. There are deeper religious needs which people have; and for help in meeting them, they turn to the church and the minister; these must be foremost, I believe, in the mind of the minister. On the other hand, I think that the minister also compromises his role if he fails to point out to his people the serious moral and social dangers which may be present in current events. The subject which I have chosen this morning, I believe, lies within the scope of these two charges. It calls us to a deeper awareness of our religious powers and obligations and it speaks to some dangerous attitudes prevalent in much thinking today; attitudes which are illustrated by certain occurrences in international relations during the past decade, particularly in the Middle East.

In the few minutes which I have this morning, I can only touch on a few of the factors involved in the Middle East Crises; but I hope that I will be able to bring to your attention some thoughts which may cast more light upon the matter than most news sources have seemed willing, or able, to cast. In January, 1955, in *Foreign Affairs,* an American Quarterly Review, an article began with the following words:

> For a century and a half, the Arab World has been following a negative policy. It has known what it wanted to do away with, but it has not known what it wanted to build. The Western conquest of the Middle East was mental no less than physical. Overwhelmed and unsettled, Eastern minds lost almost all national values, yet could not absorb Western values. Misapplication of Western patterns of government brought a confused mixture of political systems and philosophies. Democracy was only a veil for dictatorship. Constitutions framed in the interest of the people of the Middle East became instruments for their exploitation and domination.

So spoke Nasser in 1955, just two and one-half years after the revolution which overthrew the weak and corrupt King Farouk. If you should look at the *Time* news report of that revolution, which took place in July and August, 1952, you would not find Nasser's name; yet, in 1955 he was confidently mapping out, as Premier, a bold economic and social program for Egypt. At age thirty-six, Nasser became Premier of Egypt; and now, at forty, he is the unchallenged spokesman for about seventy million Arabs.

In the article from which I quoted, Nasser outlined the "principal project" in what he called "a clear-cut policy for rebuilding the country on new foundations." That project was the Sadd el' Ali (High Dam) scheme. The dam was to be built south of the Aswan Dam, and was to be known as the Aswan High Dam, and would have been the largest dam in the world. It would have reclaimed two million acres of land, increasing by twenty-five per cent the land available for agricultural uses; supplied water for seven hundred thousand acres of permanent rice plantations and would have converted another seven hundred thousand acres of one-crop land in Upper Egypt to perennial irrigation. The power output from the dam would have been enough to permit extensive expansion of industry. The Nasser program was hailed by the world as a courageous, though ambitious, program. It included sweeping social changes and reforms which were designed to improve the educational, health and welfare conditions of the twenty million or so people. It was by no means a perfect program; severe restrictions upon

freedom were imposed; yet, for a people coming out of many decades of corrupt leadership and oppressive policies, it held real hope. Such was part of the picture in early 1955. Negotiations had been undertaken for partial financing of the Aswan High Dam with the World Bank; the United States had expressed an interest in the project and had intimated that she might be willing to back the investment.

At the same time, however, other important events were taking place in the Middle East. The Israelis were gradually building up a fairly strong military force. Arms were being received from the West, making Palestine what Nasser called, "A menacing danger." The Egyptians appealed to the West for arms in order to have adequate defense against possible Israeli aggression; they were refused arms. They then turned to the Soviets, who were most obliging in helping them to build up their arsenals. The West screamed that the Egyptians were using Communist arms, intimating that they were turning Communist. Nasser replied, "Nonsense, arms in Egyptian hands are Egyptian arms." This whole incident, however, so muddied the waters of American and Egyptian diplomatic relations that on July 19, 1956, the United States formally announced that it would not support the Aswan High Dam project.

For months, this refusal had been expected by Nasser; he was prepared to act; one week later, he announced in a fiery speech that the Suez Canal had been nationalized. The events which have followed since then fall into a fairly logical pattern. Nasser's success in taking over and in operating the Suez Canal gave him the respect of almost all the Arab World. The slap in the face which the American State Department gave him on the Aswan Dam refusal only increased his nationalistic feelings and his natural dislike for the West.

In our attempt to teach Egypt a lesson, we suddenly woke up to the fact that we had no Middle East Policy; and the world is still waiting for us to develop one. During the two years since the Suez Crisis, our peripatetic Secretary of State has flirted with most of the monarchs in the Middle East and various doctrines and alliances have been achieved on paper with accompanying fanfare; the landing of Marines in Iraq and British Troops in Jordan, however, testify to the fact that our diplomacy of the past two years has served only to lull us into a sense of false security. In 1955, we could have given Nasser substantial aid; it was our boom year; we would hardly have missed the money. If we had given Egypt a dam, it is fairly certain that the Middle East would not be as much of a trouble spot as it is now. Even if we had been more gracious in our refusal of help on the Aswan Dam, we might be in a better position today. More important than either of these "ifs," however, is another one, which I suspect is the root cause of our lack of responsible leadership in the Middle East, and in other crucial areas of the world. If we had cared, would we be in a better position today?

When we learned of the great benefits which the Egyptians would accrue from the proposed Aswan High Dam, how many of us rejoiced? When we learned that Nasser was providing schools for the illiterate; hospitals for the diseased; jobs for the impoverished; more food for the undernourished, how many of us rejoiced? *If we had given a dam, it would have helped; but if we had really cared, it would have helped even more.* It is our basic attitude toward the underprivileged peoples of the world which must be scrutinized today. We have been so busy trying to find friends in the fight against Communism that we have forgotten that Communism is not the only evil in the world today. Wherever ignorance, disease, and poverty exist, evils exist which are just as disruptive of peace and as destructive of values as the forces of Communism; and, of course, often they are the motivations for adopting dogmatic ideologies such as Communism. The challenge, it seems to me, to the free people of the West, is to develop a policy which strikes at the roots of the threat to world peace. The international fires of discord have been burning for a long time; we must begin pouring water on the coals, rather than trying only to dispel the smoke.

One of the most constructive measures which could be taken in this country, I believe, would be to see that the people are given a thorough and honest look at the history of the relations between the white men of the West and the non-white peoples of most of the world. For centuries the white man has pursued a policy of colonialism which has caused deep resentment among the non-white peoples of the world. Only the past three decades have seen a significant reversal of this policy on the part of the British, Dutch and French; and this has not been far-reaching enough. Our control of the Pacific Islands does not leave us wholly free from charges of colonialism, either. The Bantu, in equatorial and Southern Africa, have a saying which illustrates the attitude of many peoples of the world. They say, "At first we had the land and the white man had the Bible. Now, we have the Bible and the white man has the land."

What we as a people have forgotten, I am afraid, is that our pasts have a way of catching up with us.

Every time I walk the streets of Boston and see some of the grand old houses, and as I see some of the mansions in other parts of the Commonwealth, particularly near the seaports, I am reminded of how so much of the money came from ships which carried rum, slaves and sugar. We cannot pretend that such pasts do not exist; nor can the French, the British, or the Dutch. We cannot pretend that much of the present prosperity of this country did not have its beginning in the oppression of native people, on their own soil, beginning with the American Indians and expanding to every part of the world where our ships found port. When I call for help to the underprivileged of the world, I would remind you that I call for it not only in the name of charity, but also in the name of responsibility. Much of the world's misery today is the direct result of the irresponsible practice of our ancestors and of our contemporary leaders and industrialists.

If we had really cared, in 1955, we could have made a significant contribution to the peace and prosperity of the world. But an administration running for reelection under that slogan, "peace and prosperity," took its cue from an indifferent public and slapped Nasser in the face. I would suggest that we would have been wiser to have taken our cue from a less popular source, but one which, for almost two thousand years, has proved to be relevant to man's needs, namely, from some of the teachings of Jesus. I read from a section of the fifth chapter of Matthew that Jesus said, "If you love those who love you, what reward have you? . . . If you salute your brethren only, what more are you doing than others?" Our foreign policy has been just the reverse, by and large, of this idea which was central to the teachings of Jesus. We have been as dogmatic and as insistent upon conformity in our foreign policy as the Catholic and Protestant fundamentalists have been in their attempts to convert the world to Christianity. We have saluted our brethren in the fight against Communism, only, even though many of them have been everything but brotherly in their motivations. We have been willing to give billions for defense, but hardly a cent for genuine altruistic purposes; for genuine constructive help to needy people who have not understood the purposes of the Communist, or who have been too concerned about survival to worry about them. We have been obsessed with a monomania which has made us oblivious to the real needs of the people and which has caused us to lose respect and confidence of many of the peoples of the world who are seeking the very freedoms which we sought when we cut the cord which made us subservient to the British before 1776.

I have dealt at such length with our foreign policy this morning because I believe that it has represented the attitude of the majority of our people; otherwise it could not have been so successfully muddled. As individuals, we tend to salute our brethren only. We tend to give support to those activities which promise us prestige, wealth, comfort or entertainment; and we tend to neglect those activities which give us only the satisfaction of relieving human misery. The highest ideal which motivates most of us is our own advantage. *This is the evil of our times,* and it has been in times past. It was the evil which Jesus fought, and which sent him to his death. It is the evil which the Rev. Martin Luther King has fought, and which three times almost caused his death; as he lay on a hospital bed in New York, the victim of a stabbing incident, he was also, indirectly, the victim of the monomania of a nation, of a people. It is the evil which Gandhi fought, and which caused his death at the hand of an assassin. It is an evil as old as man; yet, it is not an evil which is impossible to overcome.

Everyday we see saints and sinners among us who have somehow learned to be concerned about people to whom they owe little, but for whom they have compassion and respect. Somehow, in our midst, we find people who think that this whole human venture is valuable enough and significant enough to warrant the unqualified support and enrichment of all human life. These people have, through some wonderful way, caught a vision of the greatness of man and of the beautiful and glorious opportunities which lie within his grasp. They have seen in the universe cause for worship, for reverence, for humble, heartfelt thanksgiving. They have caught sight of the irrefutable truth that no life exists unto itself; that no life is entirely in vain; that rarely is man an island, and that even an island cannot avoid receiving the treasures and the debris of the seas.

From where come these people who have caught a vision of man's nature and destiny? They come from every hamlet, town and city of this great world; they come from Lost Lake, from West Groton, from Groton; they come from Sacred Heart Catholic Church down the street, from the Congregational Church and from this Church. From all places where human beings dwell, some, not many, but some, people come who have learned to love those who do not love them, to salute those who are not their own friends and associates. A great gift this power is, a great gift, I believe, which has been bestowed upon man by his God.

I do not ask that you go out this morning and single-handedly stem the tide of our foreign policy; I do not ask that overnight you set the world aright. In the name of all that is decent, however, of all that is for the good of mankind, of all that will bring to this hate and fear-ridden world a vision of man's possible great future, I ask that you join the forces of those who have learned the lesson which so many great, near-great, and unheard of saints have learned throughout history. In the name of all that our religion stands for, I ask that you, as one person, look at your life and the relationships you have established and ask yourself whom you have saluted and to whom you have shown your love and respect.

That which is asked of you can be done by no one else but you. The witness of so many people assures me that as a human being you do have the capacity for genuine love, compassion, and intelligence. My personal experience and the testimony of many great people assure me that, if your faith is strong enough, there is a God to whom you may turn for help in your struggle to throw off the selfish concerns you have known and to take on the great concerns of which I speak. My own small success in doing this has convinced me that, with all the demands of such concerns, still no greater happiness can come to one than that which comes from living a life which has meaning and purpose outside one's own limited needs.

If we really care, we will never again find ourselves completely indifferent to the real needs of the peoples of the world, be they near or far. Even as God cares for us, may we also care for one another.

THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH OF AMERICA

Report of the Nominating Committee

To the General Assembly:

Your Nominating Committee places in nomination for election to offices to be filled at the 1959 biennial session of the General Assembly the following persons all of whom have qualified with the membership requirements of the bylaws and all of whom have indicated in writing their willingness to accept the nominations. Accompanying this report is a brief biographical sketch of each nominee prepared from material submitted by the nominees.

For President for a term of 2 years: (one to be elected)
Rev. Carleton M. Fisher, Wisconsin (for re-election)

For Trustee and Advisory Committee Member for The Department of Business Administration for a term of 4 years: (one to be elected)
Nicholas H. Greene, Pennsylvania

For Trustee and Advisory Committee Member for The Department of Extension for a term of 4 years: (one to be elected)
Rev. Melvin C. Van de Workeen, Massachusetts (for re-election)

For Trustee and Advisory Committee Member for The Department of The Ministry for a term of 4 years: (one to be elected)
Rev. Carl J. Westman, Ohio

For Trustee for a term of 4 years: (five to be elected)
Carl A. Bays, Illinois
Kate K. Briggs, District of Columbia
Rev. Kenneth C. Hawkes, Massachusetts
Arthur K. Litchfield, Connecticut (for re-election)
Dorothy Wynkoop, Ohio

For Trustee for a term of 2 years: (two to be elected)
Robert F. Lewis, Sr., Vermont
Peirce B. Smith, Massachusetts

For The Central Committee of Fellowship for a term of 4 years: (four to be elected)
William H. Earle, Pennsylvania
Rev. Brainard F. Gibbons, Massachusetts
Rev. Robert L'H. Miller, Massachusetts
Robert B. Tapp, New York (for re-election)

For The Board of The Council of Liberal Churches (Universalist-Unitarian, Inc.) for a term of 4 years: (four to be elected)
Barbara L. DeWolfe, Massachusetts
Rev. Carleton M. Fisher, Wisconsin (for re-election)
Rev. Gordon B. McKeeman, Massachusetts
Edna L. Wilson, Wisconsin (for re-election)

For Survey-Evaluation Agency for a term of 2 years: (five to be elected)
Sylvester B. Butler, Connecticut
Beryl K. Haas, New York
Rev. Russell W. Lockwood, Indiana
Jeannette C. Mulford, California
Rev. William W. Rose, Massachusetts

For Nominating Committee for a term of 2 years: (seven to be elected)
Rev. Robert M. Bowman, Illinois
Bernece Hoover, Indiana
Rev. Max A. Kapp, New York
Harold S. Latham, New Jersey
Rev. Robert H. MacPherson, Maine
Rev. Keith C. Munson, Massachusetts
Ruth P. Wallace, New York

For Preacher of The Occasional Sermon in 1961: (one to be elected)
Rev. Harmon M. Gehr, California

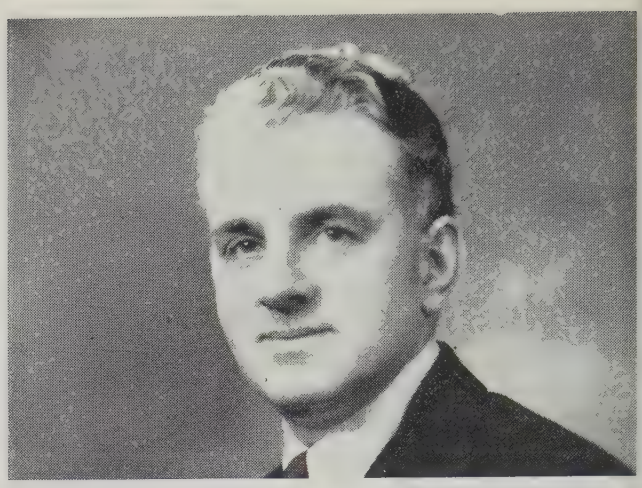
For Alternate Preacher of The Occasional Sermon in 1961: (one to be elected)
Rev. Benjamin B. Hersey, Massachusetts

Respectfully submitted,
Rev. William E. Gardner, Connecticut, *Chairman*
Eleanor P. Genhart, New York
Helen G. Hamlin, New York
Ruby King, Illinois
Rev. Ellsworth C. Reamon, New York
Rev. William W. Rose, Massachusetts
Rev. Norman L. Sparbel, North Carolina

August 8, 1959

The Use of the Arts in the Church

Howard B. Gilman



THERE may be some who will recall that at a Universalist Convention held in Massachusetts many years ago, an interpretative dance was performed using one of the psalms as the theme. My recollection is that most of the response to this art form as having a place in church worship was either indifferent or hostile. That worship services have tended to become well stereotyped with only minor changes taking place with the passing years seems to me obvious. The creative efforts at the Charles Street Meeting House in Boston have met with more resistance than with the open mind. Liberals can become immune to change. For the local minister to change the morning worship service can be fraught with peril, as some ministers have found out in dropping the Lord's Prayer from the service. Even changing the location of the offering in the service may become a matter of trustee concern. Jesus took issue with the religious leaders of his own day because of their concern for outward observances. Many in our churches believe there is validity in the utterance of words. Hence, we put a halo around the Lord's Prayer whether we understand it or not, or even believe it. It might be well to note that Jesus said, "after this *manner* pray . . .", not, "with these words."

The New York Convention of Universalists has given a directive to create a Committee on the Creative Use of the Arts in the Church. This is now in process of formation as we are able to find the personnel in the several areas of the arts. One hopeful sign has been the fact that two people in the State wrote me offering their services. How the creation of this Committee came about is essentially what this article will tell.

At an area conference sponsored by the Association of Universalist Women at which Mrs. Anne Bowman discussed the resources for worship for local women's group meetings, I raised the question had any study been made to list recorded music or to build a worship service using recorded music. I was challenged with the task of preparing such a service for the A.U.W. Institute to be held at Unirondack that coming summer. This was two years ago.

For some time, I had been interested in the message and the music of several of the Broadway musicals. Could the high points of the music and the story be used in such a way as to help people have a worship experience? Dare we use the "secular" works of stage and screen? I selected the musical, *The King And I,* by Rodgers and Hammerstein. This has a most challenging and universal message. The theme of the worship service was: *Man.* The materials used in this service are suggested only. Anyone using it could easily employ other readings, write new selections, and alter it to suit the needs. To briefly run through what I hoped was in a measure both creative and effective: the service began with the Overture from the musical, followed by a few lines from Psalm 8 and a short selection from *Hymns of The Spirit,* then a brief period of silence followed by *The Lord's Prayer* as sung by Mahalia Jackson. The theme and portions of the story were presented between the musical numbers from the play: *Hello, Young Lovers, Getting To Know You, Something Wonderful,* and then closing with a portion of William Rose Benet's *Prayer for the U.N. Something Wonderful* is a simply worded declaration of faith in man, while *Getting To Know You* voices the solution to the tensions between peoples of differing cultures. So far as I am concerned, these with other numbers from other musicals could be readily used as either anthems or solos in our church services.

This service took about forty-five minutes; it was done in darkness with an appropriate painting spotlighted as a focal point of worship, and the reader stood in the back of the room. It was repeated for the Youth Institute a few weeks later, although shortened to a half hour. After the service was over, there was an opportunity for evaluation since it was experimental. Later on in the church year, the service was put on for a local youth group of both junior and senior high age. New worship centers were developed each time as each group made its interpretation of the theme. In preparing the script, I drew from passages in popular songs, biographies, references to Roland Hayes, Ethel Waters, quotes from Marian Anderson, H. G. Wells, a poem by Zona Gale. This past summer it has been presented for the young people of junior and junior high ages in a more simplified and abbreviated form.

Being on the staff of the LRY Institute at Unirondack, 1958, the program committee asked me to prepare another service. This was done using the theme: *The Thought of God.* Carruth's poem was the basis of this service and the arts and crafts instructor painted a worship center which interpreted the first verse of this poem. The music used was *Go Down, Moses* as sung by Paul Robeson; *Eli, Eli* and *One God* as sung by the popular singer, Johnny Mathis. Since this service was designed for teen-agers, I think there was definite value in using numbers offered by such popular singers who rate high in the teen-age world. I believe that artistically Johnny Mathis is exceptional. In this service, we had the opportunity to train a choir of our young people and the service was brought to a close with *When You Walk Through A Storm* from *Carousel.* With trumpet and flute accompaniment, the chorus ended on a crescendo. Was such a service effective and was there a worship experience? It does not follow that the planning and conducting of such a service means that we worship. Possibly it was just a novelty or perhaps the group sat quietly because all were tired from other activities. We had planned again to evaluate the service at its close, but when it was proposed, the young people declined to analyze or discuss it. Apparently a mood had been created, perhaps a deep experience obtained, that one does not try to tear apart. At least this was my hope. For this service I wrote some of the script, but drew more from others such as Santayana, Lewis Brown, Mordecai Kaplan, Hermann Hagedorn, and William Carruth.

Working with the Iroquois Federation of LRY and a local youth group responsible for a worship service at the 1959 Spring Conference at Ithaca, N.Y., another worship service was planned. This time the young people would present it; my job was to prepare it although if circumstances were better, it would be wiser to have the local youth group prepare it with adult guidance. Since this was to be a gathering of some two hundred young people, I attempted to evolve a service which would be very close to their level of experience and interest. The theme was: *Youth and Romance.* I had been pondering such an idea for some time. The service was an attempt to recognize the high value of this period of rapid growth and concern among teen-agers. The teen years should be as meaningful a time as any other in growing toward maturity. With the exception of the *Salutation Of The Dawn* and an adaptation from a chapter by Roy Burkhart, I wrote the rest of the script. Lighter music was played such as an orchestral arrangement of *Something New Is In My Heart* by Romberg and the andante portion of the popular *Swedish Rhapsody* for the meditation. Four popular songs were used: *While We're Young* sung by Johnny Mathis; *Tonight* a duet from *West Side Story; Because You're Young* sung by Jimmie Rodgers; *War and Peace* sung by Vic Damone. The music and lyrics of these songs are very good, and again these singers are popular with our young people. The young people did all the readings, which included a choric reading. Two evenings of rehearsal and preparation were given to this service. The greatest task for me was preparing the script. I tried to think, feel, and write as a teen-ager; to transport myself into their both joyful and troubled world. This is not easy. If these young people were to conduct this service, then, so far as possible, I wanted it to express their innermost feelings, concerns, and hopes. To what extent I was successful is certainly open to question. The worship center was a tryptich with the three panels portraying three stages of growth: childhood, youth, and adulthood. This was prepared by one of the theological students at St. Lawrence University.

While my interest has been mostly in the use of music, I have attempted to employ the other art forms in the preparation of these services. Where you have persons with skills in other arts, a more effective service can be planned. Again this summer at Unirondack, the young people will develop a worship service as part of their program. The theme is: *Prayer.* I write this before that service takes place, but it is expected that aside from the use of music, literature, and poetry, we shall employ the arts of dancing, a choric

reading, possibly a ceramic piece, or a bit of sculpture to heighten the worship experience. The setting and lighting will involve some technical aspects of drama. It is my hope that much of the development of this service will be done, as time permits, by the young people who will compose their worship committee. Our teen-agers are far more amenable to change and it is significant to note how creative they can be when given the freedom and put on their own resources.

I am not an authority on worship any more than in any of the areas of the arts. At best I am a seeker. I believe worship can become meaningful when it is an awakening and not a sedative. For me, much of the formalized worship on Sunday mornings is meaningless (I hasten to add that the problem may be with me). When the minister says, "Let us pray," we bow our heads as if by a kind of conditioned reflex. Maybe we ought to look up and out at the sky and the distant hills, or behold the person in the next pew until we come to see him as a human being of worth and dignity, so that such an awareness may be universalized in terms of all peoples.

As liberals, we are not bound to divide life into the secular and religious. In using any of the arts in worship, we do not have to employ only those which have obvious and traditional religious phrases or themes. Whatever is used is, of course, a means and not an end. We would hope that the result would be an exalting experience because each one is brought closer to life's deeper meanings, made more truly aware of the unities and the universals, and become a freer and more creative person. To do this, it is not necessary to rely only on the music of the masters nor on the performance of it by recognized interpreters of the concert stage. Young singers may not bring experience nor a great voice nor a standard presentation, all of which can be so often formalized that the artist does not communicate with the listener. Johnny Mathis may be quite unorthodox in interpreting the spirituals of his people, but he does communicate. A freshness of interpretation and a youthfulness of sound can be an awakening. This makes for great art. Hence, I feel that the liberal church needs to evaluate this area of worship. I know that some of our ministers have undertaken some very helpful and significant work here. If worship is valid in human experience, then the techniques of worship must be examined in the light of human needs, and here is where the lay people may be concerned and exert a vital influence to make church worship effective.

The Committee on the Creative Use of the Arts in the Church will not be concerned alone with the area of worship. It seems to me that the local church is in a position to use its facilities as meeting places for those who are interested in expressing themselves through the several art media. This would be particularly true in communities where no such art groups exist. It is obvious that some people entering retirement are turning to one of the arts as a means of creatively using what might be otherwise idle time. It is here that the church, especially the liberal church, can meet a need. But such a program can be open to everyone. Art groups in music, painting, literature, and drama could do more in building churchmanship than suppers and bake sales have ever done. And, too, perhaps we have some hidden artists in our midst! I might be dreaming a bit, but let me say that our church needs composers and librettists who will interpret our religious philosophy through music. What a boon to us if even one of these might be found because of such a program in a local church. I wish that we might have a Rodgers or Hammerstein who, under the banner of Universalism, would sound through words and music the message of our faith unto all the world. And if there be painters, sculptors, poets, and other artists who will interpret our universal message, then the more effective will be our church.

This Committee, which for brevity I have referred to as C.U.A.C., will concern itself with the following major areas of art: painting, plastic arts, drama, photography, music, literature, dance, architecture, decorative display, and interior decorating. This is a large order and we are just beginning to discover some of the personnel skilled or interested in these many fields.

Max A. Coots of Canton, N.Y., who is spearheading this Committee, has set forth some of the goals that it is hoped may be in a measure achieved: To help individuals and groups to translate their mental and/or verbal expressions of beliefs and values into other expressions through the use of the arts; to help people obtain a worship experience; to help people find and develop healthy, accepted, and guided emotional content in connection with their rational concepts of religion; to develop ever-new symbols for religion; to offer means of expressing what we cannot say; and to enrich the life of the religious community.

Tools for the Job

BRINGING five titles in the Universalist Basic Documents paper-back series into print during the biennium just closing was a calculated risk on the part of the Universalist Publishing House. The books or parts of books reprinted cost more in every instance than they did originally. Thus the financial risk has been substantial. The management and directorate of the house decided to take the risk to help meet a great need for tools to do the job of "Universalist Advance" adopted at Atlantic City in 1957. All five of the paper-back titles have been asked for by Universalists in widely-scattered sections of the country. Now available are (in order of printing) *Religion Can Make Sense* by Clinton Lee Scott; *A Religion for Greatness* by Clarence R. Skinner; *And Thy Neighbor As Thyself,* an expanded edition including the story of the Universalist Service Committee, 1944-1959 by Emerson Hugh Lalone; *Foundations of Faith* by Albert F. Ziegler and *A Treatise on Atonement* by Hosea Ballou with an Introduction for Moderns by Gordon B. McKeeman. All are most useful tools for the advance program projected by Dr. Giles in 1957, "to help our people become more convinced Universalists and to convince more people to become Universalists." If Universalists, individuals and church groups buy and use these tools, your publishing house venture of faith will be vindicated.

The very same thing can be (and should be) said about the national church organization and other auxiliaries. Their printed materials also represent calculated risks of considerable sums of money. The money thus spent is to create material which all of us sometime, somewhere, and in some manner asked for to do the work of a local church or fellowship. One such publication lies open on our desk now, *A Universalist Fellowship,* a Handbook for the Initiation and Organization of a Universalist Fellowship Circle. This is a reasonably comprehensive work manual edited by Robert S. Wolley, directer of the Department of Extension. The nature and purpose of a Universalist Fellowship is described, suggested by-laws presented, schedule of organization outlined, relationship to state and national Universalist organizations explained. Other sections deal with history, education, public relations, membership, worship and program. *A Universalist Fellowship* is a tool any Universalist, lay or clerical, could profitably use.

Universalism, A Religion Appropriate to Man is a very well-written booklet of six all too short chapters edited by Royal Cloyd and published by the department of Adult Programs of the Council of Liberal Churches in co-operation with the Association of Universalist Women for the Universalist Church of America. Opening with a penetrating essay by Carleton M. Fisher on "A Religion Appropriate to Our Time," the booklet carries chapters by Ernest Cassara, Angus H. MacLean, Dana E. Klotzle, and Philip R. Giles.

For eighteen years, the Association of Universalist Women have brought out *Yearbooks* that are not only directories but also organization and program manuals of the highest order. Good educational material, astute and skillful editing, and a consistently high standard of printing make the A.U.W. *Yearbook* a tool for churchmanship that can be used profitably and displayed proudly by its denomination.

These and other tools of similar kind that make up Universalism's contemporary ministry of the printed word are available to all who wish them *and they are available at the lowest price possible.* The Charles Street Meeting House Press in Boston has a list of exciting titles. The Universalist Historical Society has a growing shelf of books and pamphlets in the field of liberal history.

All are tools for our task of building a growing free faith in the minds and hearts of free men and women. Use them!

GENERAL ASSEMBLY HIGHLIGHTS

THE Association of Universalist Women will present an historical pageant prepared by its past-president, Laura S. Hersey.

The Church Extension Department luncheon will have as its speaker, Dr. Franklin Patterson, director of the Civic Education Center, Tufts University, and Lincoln Filene Professor of Civic Education.

The Universalist Historical Society will have as its feature speaker the well-known historian and philosopher, Elmo A. Robinson, who will speak on *Universalism, a Changing Faith.*

Association Of Universalist Women

16 Beacon Street, Boston 8, Massachusetts

NOTICE

WHO — All Universalist women

WHAT — The 63rd Biennial Session of The Association of Universalist Women

WHERE — Syracuse, New York

WHEN — October 28 - 30, 1959

WHY — Hear reports of officers and committees. Transact business of the organization. Determine program for next biennium. Elect new officers and board members. Listen to the Results of the A.U.W. Survey. Enjoy the Fellowship Luncheon. See the Historical Pageant

AND

Take an active part in the sessions of The Universalist Church of America and the sessions to consider the proposals for merger with the American Unitarian Association.

Reclaimed pond at the Clara Barton Camp showing three of the six relocated cabins. On the hill to the far right is the main lodge. Almost hidden by trees, in the center, is the barn "Rec. Hall" and back of the campers' cabin, the new Priscilla White Medical Center.

SUMMER, 1959

Mrs. Frank Westerberg, hostess at the Birthplace, has welcomed visitors from all parts of the United States and abroad during the past two months. The obvious pleasure of these persons who have come long distances to visit the birthplace of the founder of the American Red Cross, as they go through the house and look at the historical collection, makes us even more aware of what a treasure we have in our possession.

Visitors have been generous in their purchases in the Giftshop, which pleases us. However, with the end of the season, the shelves will again look a bit bare so may we remind Universalist women that at Christmas time, or sooner, a "Gift for the Giftshop" will be most welcome.

Mr. Herman Riccius, grand-nephew of Clara Barton, has presented the family albums to the Association to be added to the permanent collection of the Birthplace. Once more, we are indebted to a member of the Barton family for adding to the collection of materials about Clara Barton, her family and her works.

Upon recommendation of the Birthplace and Camps Committee, the executive board of the Association is now in the process of purchasing two pieces of land immediately adjacent to the campus section of the girls' camp. Ownership of this land will not only protect the water supply for the pond, but will also insure the privacy and the wooded land which is desirable for a camp site. We were fortunate in having available some funds in the Birthplace account which made it possible for the Association to purchase the land for the $2,500 asked without drawing on the operation budget and to be able to do so before other buyers made bids.

The new Senior Division Cabin at the Clara Barton Camp, with sleeping quarters for the campers on either side of a "common room," a separate room for the counselors and running water and showers, make this a cabin of which any camp might well be proud. Located on the far side of the pond (which is now a joy to us all) in the newly developed area, this cabin now completes the circle of buildings around the pond as they were envisioned when the work was begun two years ago. The cabin was made possible by a bequest from the estate of Mrs. George Friedrich, a former member of the executive board and long-interested in the camps.

There was no new construction at the Joslin Camp this past season but the appearance of the camp has been tremendously improved by the clearance of brush and undergrowth, seeding of the ball field and playing areas and the addition of some much needed play equipment for the very young boys.

The Camps are an experiment in international living for we have had staff and campers from all parts of the United States, Canada and more distant countries. We have had different races and religions, different economic backgrounds represented. The two resident physicians were from Germany, who have been in this country for special study of diabetes and who will return to Germany shortly. Frequent visitors to the camps have included doctors, nurses and persons in the field of nutrition and public health from all parts of this country and abroad. Both staff members and campers have come from wide geographical distances, from Maine to Florida, Texas, Tennessee and from New York City to California. There have been persons from Georgia, Virginia, Maryland, District of Columbia, Minnesota, Ohio and Pennsylvania. All of the New England States have been represented. There have been persons from Canada as well. While statistics are incomplete at this time, we anticipate having had more than 450 campers this season.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCHES — WHEN IN OUR TOWN — WORSHIP WITH US

CALIFORNIA

Pasadena — 11 A.M.
300 South Los Robles Avenue
Dr. Harmon M. Gehr

CONNECTICUT

Bridgeport — 11 A.M.
(Stratford Section)
96 Chapel Street
Rev. Albert F. Ciarcia

Stamford — 11 A.M.
741 Prospect Street
Rev. John Farmakis

West Hartford — 9:15 and 11 A.M.
433 Fern Street
Dr. Wallace G. Fiske

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington — 11 A.M.
1810 Sixteenth Street, N. W.
Dr. Seth R. Brooks

KENTUCKY

Hopkinsville — 10:45 A.M.
Third and Main Streets
Rev. Stanley C. Stall

MAINE

Bangor — 10:30 A.M.
120 Park Street
Dr. Milton M. McGorrill

Brunswick — 11 A.M.
Corner Pleasant and Middle Streets
Rev. L. Gordon Adamson

Caribou — 10:30 A.M.
South Main at Grove Street
Rev. Gordon G. Newell

Portland — 11 A.M.
132 High Street, Congress Sq.
Rev. Earle T. McKinney

Portland — 11 A.M.
712 Stevens Avenue
Rev. D. Stanley Rawson

Rockland — 11 A.M.
Union Street
William J. Robbins, Ph. D.

MARYLAND

Silver Spring — 10:30 A.M.
10309 New Hampshire Avenue
Rev. David Hicks MacPherson

MASSACHUSETTS

Attleboro — 9:30 and 11 A.M.
North Main Street
Rev. Gayle Wetzel

Arlington — 10:45 A.M.
735 Massachusetts Avenue
Rev. Raymond J. Baughan

Lynn — 10:00 A.M.
20 Nahant Street
Dr. Fenwick L. Leavitt

Malden — 10:30 A.M.
Pleasant and Elm Streets
Rev. Richard Knost

Medford — 11 A.M.
29 Forest Street
Rev. Alan L. Seaburg

Melrose — 10:30 A.M.
Essex Street
Rev. Albert F. Ziegler

Salem — 10:00 A.M.
Rust Street
Dr. Arthur W. Webster

Waltham — 11 A.M.
Church and School Streets
Rev. John Cummins

NEW YORK

Brooklyn — 11 A.M.
Ocean and Ditmas Avenues
Dr. Cornelius Greenway

Herkimer — 10:30 A.M.
Church School — 9:30 A.M.
121 Park Avenue
Rev. Thomas Turrell

Watertown — 10:30 A.M.
514 Washington St.
Church School — 9:30 A.M.
Primary - Kindergarten — 10:30 A.M.
Dr. John E. Wood

NORTH CAROLINA

Clinton — 11 A.M.
First and Third Sundays
204 Beaman Street
Rev. Norman L. Sparbel

OHIO

Akron — 10:45 A.M.
East Mills Street at Broadway
Rev. Carl J. Westman

Belleville — 10:30 A.M.
Rev. George H. Welch

Cincinnati — 11 A.M.
2529 Essex Place
Rev. Albert Q. Perry

North Olmsted — 11 A.M.
Lorain Road and Butternut Ridge Road
Rev. Phillips L. Thayer

Springfield — 10:30 A.M.
319 West Columbia
Rev. Harriet E. Druley

PENNSYLVANIA

Linesville — 11 A.M.
U. S. Route 6 at Mill Street
Mr. Thomas F. Collins, Jr.
Dr. Henry F. Pommer

Philadelphia — 11 A.M.
Stenton Ave. and Gorgas Lane
Rev. Gilbert A. Phillips

RHODE ISLAND

Cumberland — 10 A.M.
Church School — 10 A.M.
Diamond and Angell Roads
Rev. Arthur G. Seabury

Woonsocket — 10:30 A.M.
78 Earle Street
Rev. Henry H. Schooley

VERMONT

Barre — 11 A.M.
19 Church Street
Rev. John P. Christensen

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OVERTON-DANIEL

Miss Ruth Leslie Daniel, daughter of the Rev. John I. Daniel, Waterville, Maine, and Donald A. Overton of Easton, Pennsylvania, were united in marriage, May 30, 1959, at the Universalist-Unitarian Church, Waterville, Maine. The Rev. Charles Vickery of Livermore Falls officiated. Miss Daniel was given away by her father and was attended by her sister, Miss Sharon Lee Daniel, New York City, as maid of honor.

Mrs. Overton received her Bachelor of Arts degree this year from Barnard College. Mr. Overton was graduated from Rensselaer Polytechnic in 1958. He is an instructor in electrical engineering at Lafayette College.

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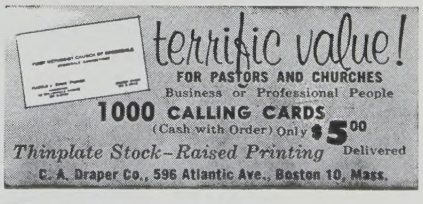
CENTRAL FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

July 15, 1959: VOTED that insofar as the Pennsylvania Fellowship Committee has undertaken hearings under a bill of complaint without temporarily disqualifying one of its members who is a defendant to that complaint, the Central Fellowship Committee hereby instructs it, in accordance with an appeal duly made by the Rev. David Hayeman and the Rev. Alan F. Sawyer, Jr. on July 2, 1959, either begin the hearings again with a properly constituted committee, under its Convention laws, of disinterested members, or to transfer jurisdiction at this time to the Central Fellowship Committee. —ESTHER A. RICHARDSON
General Secretary

VISITING SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA?

Don't fail to attend beautiful Throop Memorial Universalist Church, 300 South Los Robles Avenue, Pasadena. Sunday mornings: Youth Fellowship at 10:30, Church School at 10:45; Worship at 11. Dr. Harmon M. Gehr, Minister.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NOTICES

CENTRAL FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

June 11, 1959: VOTED to grant a license as lay preacher for a term of three years to Mrs. Norman Whippen.

June 22, 1959: VOTED to approve the action of the Rhode Island Fellowship Committee in granting to N. Deane Starr, a licentiate looking toward ordination, the right to perform the Christian ordinances.

June 27, 1959: VOTED that Kingsbury Badger be empowered to appoint two Central Fellowship Committee members to attend and represent the Central Fellowship Committee at a hearing in the case of the Liberal Religious Fellowship of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

July 3, 1959: VOTED to approve the renewal of Mr. Joseph Schneiders' lay preachers' license with permission to perform the usual ordinances.

July 3, 1959: VOTED to grant to Mr. Joseph Schneiders the right to take a special examination for ordination because fulfillment of the educational requirement in the regular way would cause undue hardship.

—ESTHER A. RICHARDSON
General Secretary

COUNCIL OF LIBERAL CHURCHES

Official Call

Annual Meeting Council of Liberal Churches (Universalist-Unitarian) Inc. will be held at the Hotel Syracuse, Syracuse, N.Y., Monday, November 2, 1959 at 2 P.M.

LAURA HERSEY, *Secretary*

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